2d Edition.

THE

Theatrical Observer;

AND

Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—OTHELLO.

No 3557. Saturday, May 11, 1833. Price 1d.

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer*.

Drury Lane Theatre.

THE German Opera of *Fidelio*, and *The Maid of Cashmere*, were performed here last night. On Wednesday next *Der Freischutz* will be produced, which will be shortly followed by *Die Zauberflotte*, *Jessonda*, *Faust*, and *Les Deux Journees*, the latter by Cherubini.

Olympic Theatre.

The Wife was repeated here last night with *Teddy the Tiler*.—Power played his original part in the afterpiece gratuitously. Madame Vestris has behaved in the most liberal manner to the Covent Garden company, having let them her house, with the use of her scenery, dresses and stage properties for £40 per week, which will scarcely pay for wear and tear. Mr Yates kindly offered the loan of anything belonging to his Theatre which might be of use to the Covent Garden company.

Hay-market Theatre.

THE entertainments at this house yesterday evening were *Rip Van Winkle*, *Ellen Wareham*, *Monsieur Tonson*, and *The Devil to Pay*.

The French performances, which were to have taken place last night at the Queen's Theatre, were postponed till Monday, in consequence of the continued illness of M. Lafont.

The following Address has been nightly spoken at the Olympic by Mr Warde previous to the performance of *The Wife*. Mr Sheridan Knowles has shewn great liberality of feeling in its composition:

Like many a child of fortune, doom'd to change,
A spacious house for one of narrow range,
The tenants of the Garden's lofty dome,
New, in the small Olympic, seek a home;
We change our home, but still we keep our friends;
As this, your thronging visit, sure, portends,
You know our change of fortune is our choice,
Embraced by all, to keep, at duty's voice,
Compact inviolate, and sacred by the laws,
Not ours alone, but all our brethren's cause.
We will not use, in such a strait as this,
Un-British calls on British prejudice.
Away the slight of strangers, if we can,
Where'er his birth, let man be judged by man.
But for the British Drama, when we call
On hearts and hands, the answer be from all
Who love that English bard's immortal strain,
Which thrilling all, all emulate in vain,

For *Shakspeare's* name, let not Italian dance,
Italian song—the scenic charm enhance
To make you slight, and wholly for your sake,
Ev'n humble bards, that follow in his wake.
Our cause is yours, the honour of our land,
The English Drama, sinks—'twill rise at your command.

One of our contemporaries published yesterday a most distressing account of Mr Kean, stating that his debility encreases, and his fits of delirium are of longer continuance, whilst his countenance has assumed the look of death.

The Masquerade, which was to have taken place on Wednesday last at the King's Theatre is postponed till Monday night, when it will be certainly given.

Fashionable Lounges.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

DEAR MR EDITOR—Just wish to say a word—beg pardon, hope I don't intrude—but will you excuse me, I have to mention, that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends, and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town.

Monday, call at the *Queen's Bazaar*, 73, Oxford Street, which has become a most fashionable lounge, to see Mr D. Robert's Grand Picture of The Departure of the Israelites out of Egypt, painted expressly for the occasion, with Dioramic effect, and from its magnitude, occupying the space of Four Diorama Views, surpasses in grandeur of design, execution and scriptural interest, every former Exhibition of the sort—*The Physiorama* of 14 beautiful new Views joined to the *Diorama*, makes it the most attractive in London for One Shilling.

Tuesday, stroll to the *Diorama*, in the Regent's-park, to see the two new views—Paris, from Montmartre, and the Campo Santo—which surpass in harmony of colouring, fidelity to nature, and general effect, all the previous exhibitions; and at once prove how far human skill can carry this wonderful species of pictorial delusion.

But stop, I must just run to that well established emporium of fashion *The Western Exchange Bazaar*, Old Bond Street, all my country cousins are waiting for my opinion before they make their purchases;—and then we visit, in the gallery above, that astonishing specimen of human industry, *The Model of London*, where every man may find his own dwelling, if he has one.—120,000 Houses!!—140 Churches!!

Must drop in again and again to the Gallery of British Artists, in Suffolk-st. my taste as an amateur, and my pride as an Englishman, being equally gratified by the decided improvement visible in our native artists. The walls are covered with admirable pictures—some perfect *bijoux!*

Oh! I must tell you of a most wonderful Exhibition at No. 238. Regent-st. the *Industrious Fleas*, where a quantity of Fleas are dancing, playing musical instruments, all dressed like ladies and gentlemen; some drawing coaches, elephants, &c.—By the bye I had a lucky escape there, I was nearly shot by a Flea, only there was no ball in the cannon.

Being caught in a storm, and having forgot my umbrella, dropped into Mullins & Co's. Cloth Warehouse, 419, Oxford Street, to buy some Cloth for a Cloak, and was so struck with the superior quality and cheapness of their cloths, that I bought myself enough for a complete suit, and recommend my friends to try the same market.

On Friday, I examine *Miss Linwood's* curious Needle-Work, in Leicester Square—just added other beautiful specimens of her art.

Saturday, I occasionally pop into the Jewish Synagogue, and hear some excellent singing. My Hebrew friend, Moey Abrahams, imputes the remarkable exemption of his nation from the prevailing disorder to the use of the PASSOVER RUM, which is to be had genuine, only at BRETT'S, 109, Drury Lane.

Last night I had a puzzler;—just as I was putting on my night-cap, „ Paul," said Mrs. Pry, 'what is more brilliant than Peake's wit, or blacker than Miss Love's eyes? I made a hit—*Warren's Jet Blacking!*—Isn't that a good one?—but I intrude, beg pardon, your's, &c. PAUL PRY.

Royal Adelphi Theatre,

ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.

This Evening, (4th time) a new Melo-Drama, called

The Soldier's Widow

Or, the Deserted Mill.

The Music, by Mr BARNETT.

PierreBertrand,(Father of Lisette)MrW.BENNETT
Edouard de Tournay, Mr HEMMING,
PaulCouteau,(aMilitaryRazorGrinder)MrJ.REEVE,
Theodore Sanguard, Mr PERKINS,
Laroche, Mr WALSH, Peasant, Mr SANDERS,
Lisette, Miss SOMERVILLE,
Jacqueline, (the Soldier's Widow) Miss KELLY.

NEW SCENERY.

Village on the Loire—Chamber in the House of Bertrand—Interior of the Mill—Cellar of Theodore Sanguard—Cavern beneath the Ruins of the Mill, Communicating with them and the cellar of Theodore.

After which, (6th time at this Theatre) a Vaudeville, called

PROMOTION;

Or, A Morning at Versailles in 1750.

Colonel de la Garde, Mr J. BLAND.
Marquis de Viellecour, Mr WILLIAMS, Colonel Merval, Mr HEMMING,
Madame de la Garde, Miss MURRAY,
Madame de Viellcour ..... Mrs GRIFFITH.

To which will be added, a Comic, Tragic, Operatic, Illegitimate Drama, founded on the Burlesque of the 'Earls of Hammersmith,' called

The Cellar Spectre.

Earl Bluster,(LordProtector of TurnhamGreen)MrWILLIAMS,
The Right Hon. Simon Viscount Spoonbill, Mr O. SMITH,
SirCapaciousCalipash, (EarlBluster'sPrime Minister) Mr J. REEVE,
Sir Alick Calipee, MrSALTER, Dead Flunkie, MrSANDERS,
Lady Spoonhill, (a supposed Widow) Mrs GRIFFITH,
Lady Margaret Morrowbones ..... Miss NOVELLO,
Ghost of the Dowager Countess of Hammersmith, MissAPPLETON,

The old Scenery, not painted expressly for this occasion by Tomkins & Pitt: A Hall in the Palace of Turnham Green. The Gardens of the Palace. The Cellar of Ditto, with the awful Appearance of the Dowager Countess of Hammersmith and her Servant in Livery. The Battle of Brook Green, with the *return* of the killed, wounded, and *missing*. Cock-Loft of the Palace of Turnham Green, and the last Scene, in which Sir Capacious Calipash, otherwise Mr John Reeve, will sup-*pose* himself the Grecian Statues!

To conclude with the Farce of

WANTED, A GOVERNESS

Rusty, Mr WILLIAMS. Lucy Dashwood, Miss KELLY.

TheatreRoyal, Hay-Market.

This Evening, the Farce of

OPEN HOUSE.

Mr Matcher, Mr STRICKLAND,
HarryVillars, MrVINING, Jacob, MrBUCKSTONE,
Frank Foster, Mr BRINDAL,
CousinTod, MrWEBSTER, MrWhite, MrJ.COOPER,
Mrs Matcher, Mrs GLOVER,
Fanny, Jane, her Twin Daughters Mrs HONEY, Mrs HUMBY.
Mrs Pocock, MrsTayleure, Martha, MrsCoveney.

After which, (16th time,) a Drama, in Three Acts, called

Ellen Wareham.

Captain Wareham, Mr DOWTON,
Mr Hamelton, Mr VINING, Henry Wareham, Mr BRINDAL,
Will Pollard, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Cresford, Mr ELTON, George, Miss BIGG, Caroline, Miss C. BIGG,
Seymour, Mr COVENEY, Turnbull, Mr BISHOP,
Lady Coverdale, Mrs GLOVER, Ellen Wareham, Mrs YATES,
Mrs Allenham, Mrs ASHTON, Peggy, Mrs HUMBY,
Matilda, Mrs HONEY,
Mrs Topham, Mrs TAYLEURE, Mrs Turnbull, Mrs COVENEY.

After which,

A PASTICHIO DANCE

By Madlle. JOSEPHINE, (Pupil of M. D'Egville) & Madlle. ROSA.

To conclude with the Comedy of

JOHN BULL.

Honorable Tom Shuffleton.....Mr VINING,
Job Thornberry, Mr DOWTON,
Peregrine, Mr ELTON, Dan, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Sir Simon Rochdale, Mr STRICKLAND,
Fitzbalaam, MrGALLOT, Pennyman, MrCOVENEY,
Frank Rochdale, Mr BRINDAL,
Simon, Mr Eaton, John, Mr Bishop, Robert, MrEast,
Dennis Brulgruddery, Mr WEEKES,
Lady Caroline Braymore.....Mrs ASHTON,
Mrs Brulgruddery, Mrs TAYLEURE,
Mary Thornberry.....Mrs YATES.

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